

L-O-V-E by offishiallydone

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Summary: essentially the story of how you fell in love with robin. theres a lot of fluff and it's based off the song L-O-V-E by nat king cole. a littl angst but not much dw it all works out.

L-O-V-E

"L" is for the way you look at me

you were stupid.

you saw the way she looked at you. the way she'd get all dough-eyed when you walked into class, the way you could feel her eyes on you even when you weren't looking, and most importantly, the way she looked when you made eye contact, like you were the only girl in the room and the only person that mattered to her in that moment. but you were the idiot who didn't realize that look was just for you and only you.

Robin Buckley.

what an enigma that girl was. you had never met anyone like her.

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as you sat down for your last class of the day, all you could feel was relief. whoever divided the school year and decided only 2 and half months of summer was allowed, deserved a swift slap in the face, with a chair. you weren't even through your first week, yet your first day, and you already wanted to go home.

then she walked in.

you'd seen her around every now and then, but not often enough to get to know her. she was breathtakingly beautiful. it almost looked effortless. she shuffled into class donning a simple black smiths t shirt, cuffed levis, dirtied, white pair of high top converse with doodles all over, and 2 silver chains slung around her neck with a couple bracelets hanging around her wrists as well. you almost honest to god fell out of your seat because holy shit she was heading for the spot right next to you.

she sat down with a huff, sounding as tired as you probably looked. you couldn't tear your eyes away from her, everything about her was mesmerizing from her insanely blue eyes to the array of pins with movie quotes and characters on her backpack and —

"hello?" the hand waving in front of your face and a confused voice snapped you out of your trance.

you looked up and just wow. you both looked at each other stunned. neither of you said a word as you were entranced by the other.

"h-hey," you managed to stutter out.

"umm..h-hi" she responded, still staring into your eyes.

that was the start of it all, one look and you were both smitten. the rest of the school year went the exact same way. you couldn't tear your eyes off each other.

you'd spot during band practice and see her stop mid march as you made eye contact, causing a minor collision between her trombone and some poor sophomores trumpet, or she'd see you during soccer practice and an entertaining view as you'd trip over your own feet and crash straight into beth wildfire.

you didn't know it quite yet, but robin buckley was about to turn your world upside down.

"O" is for the only one I see

you were lucky, you can admit to that. your parents gave you a good life.

you grew up in a fairly nice neighborhood with a decent amount of friends. you started soccer when you were about five years old. fortunately, you had enough talent to keep playing into high school, making varsity your freshman year. word spread fast around hawkins, and the rumor was y/n l/n was bound to go D1.

even though you were lucky in a sense, it didn't mean you didn't work your ass off day in and day out to get to where you were. you worked hard to keep your grades up, practiced daily for years to get to where you were in soccer, and somehow kept a decent social life.

though dating, was almost foreign to you. sure you had the classic elementary school relationships, funny enough, your first "boyfriend" was steve harrington but that was in the second grade, so you don't really count that. but the interest was never really there. you hadn't met anyone that sparked that feeling in you until kelsey.

kelsey paterson had just moved to town the summer of 7th grade from LA and everyone adored her, boys especially. she had light brown hair, perfectly tanned skin, and a killer personality. you were determined to befriend her, and you did just that.

it was the perfect friendship. her parents loved you, your parents loved her, you went on vacations together, you had countless sleepovers, hundreds of inside jokes, everything in common with one another except one thing:

she didn't like you the way you liked her.

or so you thought.

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it was your 15th birthday and school had just gotten out, and you had finished dinner with your family, so now you were allowed to have your best friend overnight.

you'd been having a lot of feelings recently, weird ones, feelings you shouldn't have about your friends, especially girl ones. however, doing what emotionally repressed high schoolers do, you shoved those feelings deep down and hoped you'd never have to deal with them, but, unfortunately, that's not how life works.

you were in the middle of truth or dare, just the two of you because it's the goddamn 80s and you're freshmen and it's kinda fun, so what if it's a bit stupid and cliché.

you were both laying on your bed, your feet resting on the headrest, hers were hanging off the edge of the bed, and your faces were inches apart. it was your turn, and you picked truth.

"do you like anyone right now?" she asked.

"i don't know," you lied, "kinda?"

"what do you mean 'you don't know'? you either do or you don't nerd," she joked as she poked your cheek, "c'mon tell me!"

"fine, fine!" you laughed, out of breath, "i do like someone."

"OH MY GOD WHO?" kelsey screeched as she jumped up and literally straddled you. she started poking at your sides as you were both hysterically laughing. then you started to feel those feelings bubble up again as you took her in. her laugh, her smile, her eyes, the scrunch of her nose, everything about her.

the laughter dulled as a calm silence replaced the atmosphere, and you looked at her dead in the eye and earnestly said, "you."

nothing.

the silence was calm anymore, it was just overwhelming. she sat there, still on top of you with an unreadable expression on her face.

then she leaned down and sparks, you felt literal sparks from her lips to yours. you'd never kissed anyone before, but you knew this was right. her lips were soft as they glided along yours. your hands moved to her waist as she pushed her body flush against yours. you parted after a couple minutes, and looked up at her kiss-swollen lips and messy hair and just—

"wow."

she laughed softly, "yeah...wow"

that summer was the best of your life. you spent every waking moment with kelsey, and you wouldn't have had it any other way. you took her on dates, she came to every one of your soccer games, you kissed her senseless after she surprised you with tickets to your favorite band, she invited you to 'sleep over' while her parents were on a business trip. it was like a dream you never wanted to wake up from, until it turned into a nightmare you couldn't believe.

kelsey rode her bike everywhere. she rode to your house, the store, school, the movies, etc. it was the only mode of transportation without a car that most of your town had.

she was riding to your house the night of your 5 month anniversary when it happened.

a drunk driver they said.

a hit and run.

she was 16.

she was your first love.

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life felt like a haze after that. almost as if your life with her had color and without her, all that was left was grey.

until robin.

she barged into your life and, as said before, flipped it upside down without even realizing it.

no one knew about you and kelsey; it was a tough secret to keep after it happened, but no one knew how you felt about girls. so as it happens, being the athlete and having the genetics you had, boys were still all over you.

yet, you didn't notice a single one, you only saw her.

robin taught you to see in color again, and you could never thank her enough.

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"V" is very, very extraordinary

the first time you hung out with robin was for a school project. the class was photography, and it was just about the only class you actually enjoyed.

definitely not because it was your only class with robin.

the assignment was for your portfolios that would eventually be given to colleges if you wanted to pursue photography in college, which you definitely intended to do. you were both juniors, but you committed to a D1 school for soccer at the end of sophomore year.

that time of your life was a little foggy, however you put all of your time and effort into soccer after that because you knew kelsey wouldn't have wanted you to sit around and give up on your dreams.

photography was one of them so perfecting this portfolio was your main concern, and you needed a portrait edition to it and a model.

so, you decided to ask robin. you'd known her for about two months, and she was just about the most interesting person you'd ever met.

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you were supposed to go to her house at noon to get lunch and plan what you were both gonna do for your pictures.

as you pulled up to her house, you felt a surge of feelings you thought you'd never have again, and it kind of scared you. nevertheless, you had to get these pictures taken, your future was sort of riding on them.

you rang the door bell and heard a distressed, "i'll be there in a second!" come from the upstairs window that was open. then you heard a loud thud and, "ow..fuck!"

"alright up there?" you asked loudly enough so she could hear.

"yep," she groaned, "just peachy."

a minute later, the door flew open in front of you as a disheveled looking robin appeared.

"hi, sorry" she gasped out, "come on in."

you looked her once over and noticed blood trickling down her arm.

"oh my god you're bleeding!" you exclaimed as you took her arm to get a

better look at the wound. as soon as your skin made contact with hers, you both felt a jolt of electricity in your veins but neither of you mentioned it.

she looked down, "i guess so," she said nonchalantly as she shrugged.

"let me clean this up for you."

"you really don't have to, i'm fine."

"no i insist. it's my fault. if i didn't get her ten minutes early maybe you wouldn't have totally wiped out," you giggled.

"ha. ha." she deadpanned, "making fun of the wounded, i see how it is l/n."

"i know i'm hilarious thank you," you joked back, "now where's your bathroom?"

"over here," she said as she lead you down the hall to a small bathroom on the right.

"how'd you even fall anyways," you questioned as you wet a paper towel and wiped the blood off her arm.

"gravity," she sarcastically remarked.

"wow," you witted, "you're hilarious"

"i'm here all nigh-t" she stuttered out as you cleaned the wound. you giggled in response. you finished bandaging and sterilizing it in a calm silence. you could feel her eyes on you, but you kept your eyes trained on the the task at hand.

"there," you exclaimed proudly, "good as new!"

"mmm i don't know about that one," she retorted, "you missed a spot." she pointed to a small drop of dried blood next to the cut.

you rolled your eyes but wiped it off anyway and responded, "anything else my liege? need me to kiss it better?"

that one took her by surprise. she just looked up at you with those big blue eyes and you literally couldn't resist, so you took the bandaged arm and placed your lips softly on the skin that meets the bandage.

her skin was so soft.

she was speechless.

"never thought i'd render the robin 'comebacks' buckley speechless," you joked.

that seemed to snap her out of her trance, "first and last time you'll see it l/n."

after that little encounter, she brought you up to her room where you witnessed the stack of CD's that must have been the cause of said wipeout. you crouched down to help her pick them up when you noticed the artists. there was the smiths, joan jett, pat benatar, the ramones, and a bunch more that just happened to be some of your favorites as well.

as you stood up and handed them back to her, you looked around and saw posters covering her walls with doodles here and there, a pile of records next to her CD's, a record player next to her bed, and a whole stack of vhs tapes on her desk.

"nice room," you truthfully said.

she blushed as she shyly responded, "thanks i guess, i mean it's pretty messy right now, sorry about that."

"no don't apologize, doesn't bother me. plus your room's ten times cooler than mine, so that makes up for it."

"it's not really. yours is definitely a lot cleaner and more organized than mine," she laughed softly.

"well..you're not wrong," you stated.

"alright, complimenting over," she deadpanned.

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that's how most of your time spent together usually went. you'd learn something new about her or vice versa, and you'd trade witty comebacks back and forth.

the more you hung out, the more you realized how hard you were falling for this girl.

she was unlike anyone you'd ever met.

she was extraordinary.

"E" is even more than anyone that you adore can

the year flew by. you couldn't believe that you were about to be a senior. you also couldn't believe how head over heels you were for robin buckley.

you had been hanging out with her quite a lot recently. you went to her band concerts, she came to your soccer games, you introduced her to some new music, she got you into foreign films, and you hoped the summer was going to be filled with much more of robin in your life.

even your parents noticed the change in attitude. you weren't overworking yourself as much, and you were finally letting yourself be an actual teenager and let lose.

it was the saturday before school ended, you and robin were going to have a movie marathon at your house because your parents were away at a work convention, so you had the big tv all to yourselves.

you set up a little fort made up of pillows and blankets while she was riding her bike to your house. once she got there, you and her drove to blockbuster to rent your movies. tonight's theme was action, so you were getting 'hidden fortress' and 'seven samurai'.

as you got out of the car, robin spotted tammy thompson. neither of you were out to one another yet, so you didn't that she had a tiny crush on her

before she started developing feelings for you. this caused a bit of a jealous reaction from you when you heard her stumble over her words when tammy was saying thank you for holding the door open for her as she walked in. you didn't know for sure that robin liked her, but you'd seen her around tammy in school and knew her well enough to know that it takes a lot to make her lose her wits.

you looked at her and questioned, "what was that about?"

"n-nothing," she stuttered.

"sure," you responded, obviously unconvinced, but neither of you spoke of that and drove in relative silence on the way back, with the exception of the radio playing softly.

you pulled up to your house and you were about to get out when a hand grabbed your arm, keeping you in.

you looked at her puzzled, "what?"

"don't 'what' me, you've been acting weird since we left blockbuster" she snapped.

"no i haven't," you said defensively.

"really?" she retorted, "so there's no reason why you gave tammy thompson a death glare when you walked out?"

"what? no, i didn't do tha—"

she gave you a pointed look.

"—ok maybe i did, so what?"

"why'd you do it?"

"i don't know!" you said a bit too loudly, "maybe because i think that you deserve better than tammy thompson!"

"w—what? how did you—wait i'm sorry what?" she exclaimed confused.

"i'm not an idiot robin. i see the way you look at her, like she hangs the

stars and the moon, like she's—"

"hold on second," she interrupted, "you think i like tammy?"

"well...yeah," you said like it was obvious, "you always stumble over your words around her and you get this look like she's the center of your universe."

"first off, i stumbled over my words because i'm not comfortable around her, so i have to catch myself before i say something stupid," she stated, "ya know not everyone gets my sense of humor like you." you giggle a little at that remark.

she continues, "second off, i was looking at you, dingus."

your jaw drops and you suddenly are at loss for words. the robin buckley, the girl you've been crushing on this entire year essentially just confessed her feelings for you! you can't believe it, she's just so amazing how could she—

"hello," robin said as she snapped her fingers in front of your face, "earth to y/n?"

you looked at her confused, "you were looking at me?"

she rolls her eyes and smiles, " yes you dingus, i was looking at you."

"why?"

"why? really? maybe because you've been the best thing to happen to me in a long time or the fact that you're the only person who gets my sense of humor, music taste, personality, should i go on? because we'd be here a while and i'd rather not be in this cramped car, no offense to—"

you cut off her ramble by smashing your lips to hers. she was caught by surprise at first, not really responsive but then after a second she caught on and kissed you back. her lips were so soft, and you could feel how perfectly they fit to yours. you felt a small swipe of her tongue, and you gladly parted your lips as her velvety tongue began to tangle with yours. her hands were cupping your face while you had one on the center console and the other on the back of her neck. after a few minutes, air became a necessity, and you leaned your foreheads against each other panting a

little.

she looked up at you with hooded eyes and chuckled as she said, "please feel free to shut me up like that anytime."

you giggled as you playfully poked her side and whined, "shut uppp."

"how bout we go inside," she suggested, "this isn't the most ideal spot for our..um.. situation?"

you laughed at her awkwardness but gave her a chaste kiss as you exited the car and headed inside hand in hand with robin.

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looking back now, you both agree you were idiots, but you wouldn't have had it any other way. who knows if everything would have worked out like it did if you both weren't so oblivious.

love was made for me and you